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C. A. Frank

THE RELIGIONS OF THE ORIENT;
THEIR BEAUTIES AND THEIR FATAL DEFECTS,
AND
CHRIST THE ONLY "LORD OF LIFE."

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE
THE INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY UNION,
IN THE TABERNACLE, CLIFTON SPRINGS SANITARIUM,
JUNE 14TH, 1896

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BY REV. JACOB CHAMBERLAIN, M. D., D. D.
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The distinguishing characteristic of the religion of Jesus, which differentiates it from all the other religions in the world, is found in that unique personality unveiled to us in the declarations of Holy Writ that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" "He was wounded for our transgressions—The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed;" "For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities: but was in all points tempted like as we are; yet without sin;" "and being made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation, unto all them that obey Him."

This is the key: this son of God bearing our sin; this great High Priest touched with the feeling of our infirmities; this God-man stretching his hand of love far down to us, to help us up. It is this that causes Christianity to stand out, among the world's religions, alone, without a peer or second.

The great religions of the world do agree in much. They all teach more or less distinctly, that the Godhead is one, and that He is holy, good and pure; that man is in a state of sin not at peace with Holy God, and that man is in dire need of purity and holiness; that there can be no peace, no harmony between sinful man and Holy God until and unless sin is in some way expiated, or expurgated; that this getting rid of sin and sin's consequences, this search for purity and holiness, this obtaining of conformity with God, is the greatest and most worthy end of mans existence. But not one of the religions of the world save Christianity, the religion of Jesus, furnishes any help *outside of ourselves* for the accomplishment of this stupendous task.

Call the roll of the famed religions of the Orient, over some of which it is, in certain circles, now the fashion to go into ecstasies, vaunting them as the equals or promising rivals of Christianity; call the roll, and see what is the highest and noblest they can teach us.

The *Zend Avesta* of the Parsis, dating back from almost prehistoric times, bids its adherents believe in Ormuzd, the spirit of Good, and shun the machinations of Ahriman, the spirit of Evil, and bids them prove their belief, not by words, but by actions. "Avoiding" (I quote from its SS.) "avoiding all arrogance and envy, all lying and slander, all unchastity, magic, and vice of any kind." "Keep thyself pure," both body and soul, is its Christ-like injunction. But for the expulsion of the evil thoughts and passions which have entered the heart, and for the eradication of our sinful desires, it gives no other help than open confession to a priest of the sins committed and the evil desires entertained, with the proper fulfilment of such penances as he enjoins.

"Thyself must expiate thine own sins" is the best cheer it can give the sin-burdened soul.

Confucius, born in the Province of Shantung, China, 551 B. C. was the founder of a system which still controls the lives and actions of near one fourth of the human race. In the scriptures which he left, and which, after

two and one half milleniums, are still the guide of millions of Chinamen, one can find the most beautiful moral maxims; the choicest exhortations to purity and nobleness of life. Passages remind one of the sublime precepts of Moses, of the glowing exhortations of Paul.

But, in seeking to attain to this excellence, he gave his disciples no hope of any superhuman aid; in deed, he distinctly taught "To give one's self earnestly to the duties due to men, and while respecting spiritual beings, to keep aloof from them; this may be called wisdom."

One must aim at purity and holiness and excellence, but must rely solely on his own unaided efforts to attain thereto. Hopeless task for sin-fettered man.

Five years before Confucius, or 556 B. C. was Gautama, after known as Sakya Muni, or *The Buddha*, born near Benares, India.

The son of the King of Kapilavastu delicately nourished and educated by Brahman preceptors, early married to the daughter of an adjacent monarch, he was destined to succeed to his father's throne and kingdom. But, seeing old age and decrepitude, sickness and death all around him, sadly and continually meditating on these; on change, decay, dissolution, at twenty-nine years of age he left court and wife and kingly station, and repaired to the forests, to live the life of an ascetic. For six years, accompanied by five disciples, he lived so austere that he was wasted to a shadow.

At last he announced that his desires were accomplished; that he had seen beatific visions; that all heavenly knowledge had been revealed to him. From that time he assumed the title of *The Buddha*, that is, *The One Who Knows*, the enlightened one, and began to promulgate the system known as "*Buddhism*," which gained acceptance for a time over all India, and, propagated by its Missionaries, swept over Burmah, Siam, Thibet, and much of China and on to Japan.

The Scriptures compiled by Buddha's disciples, "*The Tripitaka*," in spite of their false conception of human

existence, and of the divine nature, do contain many true and noble sentiments; many choice maxims; many high aspirations; many ennobling exhortations to uprightness and purity of life.

Five of its ten commandments might have been taken from the Bible. They read: 1. Do not kill; 2. Do not steal; 3. Do not commit adultery; 4. Do not lie; 5. Do not become intoxicated.

In the Buddhist Scriptures men are exhorted to kindness and benevolence, and to the subduing of all passions and desires. And to what help are we pointed for the attainment of what is termed "The Perfect Way?" Buddha gives us his "Eight infallible steps," for its consummation. They are:

1. Right belief, or the correct faith;
2. Right judgment, or a wise application of that faith to life;
3. Right utterance, or perfect truth in all we say or do;
4. Right motives, or proposing always proper end and aim;
5. Right occupation, or outward life not involving sin;
6. Right obedience, or faithful observance of known duty;
7. Right memory, or proper recollection of past conduct;
8. Right meditation, or keeping the mind fixed on permanent truth.

Notably all is to be done by the disciple himself. There is no pointing to aid from without himself. There is no hint that there is a benevolent Divine Power ready, if we seek it, to work in us and for us.

"Work; mortify the body; crucify the desire; so shalt thou attain to thy supremest good, annihilation." This is Buddhism's creed of despair.

Older than all these are the *Vedas* of the Hindus. The oldest, the Rig Veda, dating from near the time of Moses, in the upper table-land of central Asia, before all Noachian tradition had been lost, before man had wandered so far away from God, contains, in the main, true ideas of God, of man, of sin, of sacrifice.

In the Rig Veda, Book X: 121, we find this description of and adoration of God, as the Creator, Upholder and Controller of all. I quote the translation of Max Muller.

"In the beginning there arose the Golden Child;
He was the one born Lord of all that is;

He established the earth and this sky;
Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

He who gives life, He who gives strength,
Whose command all the bright Gods revere;
Whose shadow is immortality, whose shadow is death;
Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm;
He through whom the heaven was established, nay, the highest heaven;
He who measures out the light in the air;
Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

May He not destroy us, He the Creator of the earth;
He the righteous, who created the heaven;
He also created the bright and mighty waters;
Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

In the hymns to him personified as Indra, Rig Veda, 1:53, we find this acknowledgement of him as the Beautiful Benefactor, with a prayer for the bestowment of good:

"O, Powerful Indra, achiever of many works, most brilliant God!
All this wealth around us is known to be thine alone;
Take from it conquerer, bring it hither;
Do not stint the desire of the worshipper who longs for thee."

And in Rig Veda 1:25 is this to him as Varuna;

"O, hear this my calling, Varuna, be gracious now;
Longing for help I have called upon thee."

In the Atharva Veda, IV:16 the omniscience of God, personified as Varuna, is thus set forth:

"The great Lord of these worlds sees as if he were near;
If a man thinks he is walking by stealth, the gods know it all."
If a man stands, or walks or hides,
If he goes to lie down or get up,
What two people, sitting together, whisper
King Varuna knows it, he is there as the third."

His omnipresence, his personal interest in, and governance of his people is thus set forth in Rig Veda, 1:25;

"He, the upholder of order, Varuna,
Sits down among his people;
He, the wise, sits there to govern."

In Rig Veda VII:89 we find this confession of sin, and pleading for mercy:

"Through want of strength, Thou strong and bright God,
Have I gone wrong; have mercy, Almighty, have mercy."

And in Rig Veda VII:86 we have this confession of

original sin, as well as actual, and this petition of pardon for both;

“Absolve us from the sin of our fathers,
And from those we committed with our own bodies.”

In the Vedas are also indications of a belief in personal immortality. For the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and of Nirvana, or final absorption, were later conceptions, superimposed on the purer teachings of the Vedas. In Rig Veda IX:113 we read;

“Where there is eternal light,
In the world where the sun is placed,
In that immortal, imperishable world,
Place me, O, Soma:

“Where there is happiness and delight,
Where joy and pleasure reside,
Where the desires of our desire are attained,
There make me immortal.”

We find also the indication of a belief in a place of future punishment. In Rig Veda IV:5 occurs this;

“Those who break the commands of Varuna,
And those who speak lies
Are born for that deep place.”

Thus clearly in the Vedas do we find God set forth in His true character as Almighty, All wise, All holy, All true, All good, All merciful. Thus distinctly do we see the recognition of man in a state of sin and alienation from God. Thus emphatically do we see sin confessed, and pardon implored.

No less is this evident in the writings of the Sages and the Poets of India, in the different ages and in the different languages, those now spoken by the people. Aye, even though their religion did degenerate into Polytheism and Idolatry, for God hath not left Himself without a witness there.

Vemana, a farmer poet, not a Brahman, who wrote about the twelfth century, in the melodious Telugu language, still spoken from Madras north to Ganjam, by as many people as in all New England and the eastern Middle States, sought from his village home, near Madanapalle, two hundred miles northwest of Madras, to arouse his

countrymen to a nobler life, and purer conception of God and holiness.

In searching through his Telugu poems to find weapons to use in preaching, I have found many gems which I have translated into the English, using the same meter as the original that the swing and flow of their poetry may be seen, and a few of them I here re-produce.

Vemana thus rebukes the universal idolatry that he saw prevailing around him.

"Not in metal, not in wood and not in stone, nor painted wall,
Not in picture, nor in image, nor in grosser forms of clay
Dwells the great Eternal Spirit, dwells the author of us all:
'Tis not thus He shows His person to the race of man to-day."

In answer to the question "Who then is God?" Vemana gives this almost perfect description :

"You ask me 'Who is God? By what marks may we know him?'
He who in all created forms appears and rules,
He who of days has no beginning and no end,
He who of all that passes in each heart is witness,
For naught escapes his penetrating vision,
He who exists unchanging through the ages,
He who hath not one blemish nor one shadow,
That being is our God. 'Tis well if Him we worship "

As against the idea that there are certain holy places where alone God may be found, Vemana brings this protest ;

"Benares! where the Gods do dwell! You wildly shout,
And journey there with great desire and toil and cost,
But is not here the God that's there? If with the heart you seek Him,
He's here, He's there: He's everywhere. Go where you will you meet Him."

Combating the idea that religious observances and sacrifices, without purity of soul, can be acceptable to God, Vemana issues this note of warning :

"The soul defiled with sin—what real worship pays it?
The pot unclean—the cookery, who eats it?
The heart impure, though it essays devotion,
Can deity receive it? Nay, Nay, Be pure, O man."

Nor will desert fastings, nor pilgrimages nor sacred bathings be of any avail. Vemana says;

"'Tis not by roaming deserts wild, nor gazing at the sky:
'Tis not by bathing in the stream, nor pilgrimage to shrine;
But thine own heart must thou make pure, and then, and then alone,
Shalt thou see him no eye hath kenned, shalt thou behold thy King."

Against their austerities, penance and meditations unaccompanied by any effort after purity of life, a poet writing in the Kanarese language raises this protest ;

“O soul, what good can Ganges give?
Can water cleanse, or thinking long on God,
When still thy feet choose sin
And merit springs not from thy deeds?
When guile o'er spreads thy crooked path,
And inward sin kills holy zeal,
Can prayers make clean thy soul? Or whips
Drive out the foulness from thy heart?”

The miserly spirit and selfishness of his day the Telugu poet before quoted, Vemana, thus rebukes ;

“The property I make and keep is all my own, you say ;
But fools alone agree with you, and say 'tis so.
O, Man, the wealth thou giv'st in charity alone is thine,
For that alone will follow thee to yonder world.”

And again he says ;

“No need of poison if a miser you would kill ;
A cheaper and a surer method you can find.
Just ask him for some pence to give the poor ;
And, shocked and troubled, down he falls and dies.”

Gratitude and ingratitude Vemana thus sets forth ;

“Forgetful of all vile affections let us be,
Forgetful of each sharp, contentious word,
Forgetful of the faults of those we daily meet,
But never let us once forget the good that's done to us.
The dog to which we do a kindness looks with love,
Nor soon forgets the hand that helped it in its need.
How base the man that shows not love, but slights
The favors he's received from other men in his distress.”

The best revenge Vemana thus depicts ;

“Though one that be thy foe, and worthy be of death,
Fall in thy power, 'tis well thou kill him not.
Just load him down with benefits and bid him go,
'Tis bitterer than death to him, and better far for thee ”

An old poet in the Kanarese language sings us a song which would seem as though it must have come from the Bible, did we not know it was sung long before Christianity was introduced into India. It must, however, be the re-echo of the “Divine Oracles,” that came down by tradition through the ages from the time of Noah. In it we see almost the shadow of the Decalogue: I quote the

translation of Grover in his "Folk-Songs of Southern India;":

"Oh, wouldst thou know in what consists,
The purity which keeps the soul?
Behold the things the good resists;
The works that make the wounded whole.

Thy parents honor and obey;
Release the prisoner from his chain;
In Heaven's road forever stay,
And think on Vishnu's wondrous reign.

The common woman hate and scorn;
At neighbor's head no hard word send;
With honesty thy life adorn;
Desire the things which please thy friend.

Examine oft thy inner self;
Deal justly in the market seat;
Proclaim the truth at loss of pelf,
And let true wisdom guide thy feet."

God's perfections and man's depravity; man's alienation from God, and the joy of being lifted up again into harmony with God, are thus expressed by a Tamil Poet, Sivavakyar, who lived and wrote near Madura in southern India, many centuries ago. I quote the translation of Grover:

"Our God and ocean is, Infinity;
No eye can see the end: He has no bound
He who would see and know him must repress
The waves of his own heart, must be at peace
His sole desire is God; His every sense
Must turn to that great *One* and clasp but him.

There is no real but He. The one that fills
All space; He dwelleth everywhere; The Sun,
That sends its light through all the lower world,
Prevades much less than he. Yet men deny
And will not know their God. They love to lie
In mire of sin. But I have learned of him,
And find no single thing in all the world
To show how great his glory. Words must fail
To tell the joy, the bliss, I have in him;
Yet, when I try, no man believes my speech.

There is but one in all the world; none else.
That one is God; the Lord of all that is;
He never had beginning, never hath an end.
Oh God! I once knew naught of what thou art,

And wandered far astray. But when thy light
 Pierced through my dark, I woke to know my God,
 Oh Lord! I long for thee alone; I long
 For none but Thee to dwell within my soul."

It is thus evident that there has not been lacking in these various Scriptures and Poets measurably true characterizations of God; nor a consciousness of personal sin; its power; its consequences; nor definite and distinct exhortations, to purity and holiness of life. And yet the people of those lands have, as they freely admit, been sadly degenerating from the high moral standard of their forefathers, and sinking more and more into immorality, and impurity of life.

And why? Why is it that they do not attain to the end to the which they are thus eloquently urged to aim?

It is because they know of no help and seek no help *outside of themselves*. They have no Daysman, no divine burden-bearer, no sympathizing High Priest, no God-man reaching down to help them up.

These delicious glimmerings of light we do find by patient search in the Religions of the Orient, and in the existence of such we missionaries, who have to combat those systems, continually rejoice. We gladly use those flashes of light in bringing home the truth to the people, as did Paul at Athens, where he enforced his argument by saying "As certain also of your own poets have said;" but we sadly recognize how utterly inadequate is that light to lead sinful man to peace with God.

In a dark night in India, when some of us missionaries on a journey had reached our camp, but our lamps had not yet come, I spied a brilliant glow-worm crawling in the grass at my feet. Lifting him gently up, I made him crawl slowly down the page of my pocket Testament, and, by the aid of his tiny but grateful light, I was able to read a chapter of the Divine word ere we kneeled to commend ourselves for the night to the Shepherd of Israel. But who would use the glow-worm's feeble glimmer when he could have the glorious light of the orb of day?

Then too, the people of those lands little know, and less appreciate, even the light that their own Scriptures do give.

A Brahman, at the close of a lecture in Madras in which I had made use of some of the above quotations, and many more like them, came to me and said, "Sir, whence did you cull all these beautiful utterances? I never knew that our Vedas and our poets contained such gems." He knew not the weeks of patient toil required in searching through bushels of rubbish to find those few pearls. And yet they are there for those who seek them.

Yes, the religions of the Orient, many of them, do distinctly point to the gulf that exists between sinful man and sinless God: the gulf that cannot be crossed until man is in some way freed from sin. They bring the longing soul of man up to the brink of the yawning chasm; they point to the delectable mountains on the other side; to the God of Holiness there regnant; they leave the sinner standing there, yearning to cross, but unable to bridge the chasm.

Buddha whispers "Right belief; right judgment; right utterance; right motives; right occupation; right obedience; right memory; right meditation; these are the eight infallible steps." But they bridge not the chasm.

Brahmanism whispers "Religious rites; ceremonial bathings; prescribed penances; continued austerities; meritorious works." And yet the soul oppressed with guilt stands shivering on the brink, knowing that these can never lift him over.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," whispers Jesus: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

The chasm is bridged. The God-man has spanned its else impassable depths; yon heights of glory are now accessible to the feet of every believer; eternal companionship with Holy God, the loving Father, can now be attained; for Christ our High Priest, Jesus our Elder Brother awaits us there, and introduces us as His brethren.

Yes, Jesus, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world; Jesus the Daysman betwixt us and God, who himself suffered being tempted, and so is able to succor them

that are tempted; Jesus the Christ, reaching down to help us sinful men; this is the crowning glory of Christianity; it is this that differentiates it from all the other religions of the world; it is this that makes Christianity the growing, all pervading, all conquering power that it is proving itself to be; it is this that makes it completely satisfy the highest desires of the soul of man.

From the Christian system strike out Jesus, the atoning Saviour, the sympathizing High Priest, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and you blot the sun out of day, the moon out of night, the stars out of the firmament, you leave the disabled steamer floating in mid-ocean with no motive power to bring it to the shore.

Jesus, the incarnate God, with his Divine finger, touches each human soul that cries to Him; enkindles in it a spark of His own love; implants a desire for holiness not felt before; infuses strength to resist the evil, to follow after the good.

This is the new birth, that came to Paul, and changed his life, that comes to all Christ's true disciples, and changes their lives. It is rightly called a new creation; "Old things are passed away; all things are become new."

This new motive-power in the lives of the disciples of Jesus is noticed, and keenly noted by many who have not as yet embraced Him as their personal Saviour.

"Sir," said a Brahman to me, the Chief Priest of a temple near one of my villages, the people of which had become Christians only a year before, "Sir, what is it that makes your Veda have such an uplifting power over the daily lives of those who embrace it, as I have witnessed in the lives of the people of this village? Our Vedas have no such power to uplift men; what is the secret of your Veda's power?"

Some years ago I was out on a Gospel preaching tour in the Telugu country, in regions away from our Christian congregations. I had my travelling dispensary with me. There came to my tent one day an educated Hindu gentleman, high in office, in caste and in social position. He had previously sent, asking if I would see him privately and prescribe for him for a physical ailment. I found that

was a simple matter, despatched in a few words; he had merely used that as a cover to secure conversation with me privately, Nicodemus like, on religious matters. He himself introduced the subject. We talked for some time on the character and the claims of Jesus of Nazareth to be the Saviour of the world. At length in a very earnest, feeling manner, he spoke substantially as follows:

"Sir, I am not a Christian: I am still regarded as a devout Hindu: But in my heart I dare not deny the claims of the Bible. *I see the power of Jesus Christ in the lives of His followers so distinctly that I cannot deny His Divinity.* He must be divine, or He could not work such a change in the lives of those who become His disciples. He is not yet my Saviour. Caste, wealth, position, family, all hold me back. But even now I never allow Him to be spoken against in my presence. I have long been reading the Bible in secret. The more I read of Christ and ponder over His life and teachings, and the power to conquer sin that comes from embracing His religion, the more do I feel that in the end I shall have to accept him at any cost as my personal Saviour."

As compared with this in what a night of darkness does Hinduism leave even its most earnest devotees.

Never shall I forget an interview that I had over thirty years ago, with a venerable Brahman pilgrim, an earnest seeker after relief from the burden of sin.

It was in February, 1861, that two of us missionaries were out on a preaching tour, in a part of the Telugu country lying on the edge of the Mysore Kingdom, a region in which the gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ had, so far, never yet been proclaimed.

Our tent was pitched under a spreading banyan tree. We had been there for several days, and had preached in all the villages and hamlets within three miles of our camp. That morning we had left our tent before sunrise and gone out several miles to preach in a cluster of villages nestled in among the hills. In each village, after the oral proclamation, we had offered Gospels and tracts in their own tongue, to the people who had listened, but only a few would receive them, so suspicious were they, at

that time, of anything new. We returned to our tent weary with our morning work. The burden of our thoughts was, "Lord, who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

As we came near we saw a venerable, gray-haired Brahman, engaged in his devotions, on a large stone platform around the central trunk of an adjacent banyan tree, where there was a small shrine. Slowly, with beads in hand, he performed his circumambulations, keeping his face towards the shrine, reciting his *mantrams*, his prayers, his petitions. Each time that he came in front of the shrine he fell prostrate upon the ground, performing the *Sashtangam* of the Hindus, and then, sliding one bead on his rosary, he would slowly and reverently go around the tree again.

Much struck by his reverent demeanor and evident earnestness, we watched him through the corded meshes of our tent window, and when he had finished his devotions, and had sat down to rest, we went out and, courteously addressing him, asked him what he sought by these prayers and circumambulations.

"Oh, Sirs," said he, in a tone that struck us as one of intense earnestness, "I am seeking to get rid of the burden of sin. All my life I have been seeking it, but each effort that I make is as unsuccessful as the one before, and still the burden is here. My pilgrimages and prayers and penances for sixty years have all been in vain. Alas, I know not how my desire can be accomplished."

Then, in answer to our inquiries, he gave us the story of his life. He told us how, in early life, he had been sorely troubled by the thought of his unexpiated sins; that his parents had both died when he was seventeen years of age, leaving him, an only child, sole heir of their wealth; that the priests, whom he consulted, told him that if he would give all his property to endow a temple the burden of sin would be removed.

He gave his property, all of it. He endowed a temple. But the burden of sin was no lighter. His mind was not at peace. Obedient to further advice from the priests, his counsellors, he made the pilgrimage on foot all the

long way to Benares, the holy city. He spent two years in the precincts of the temples in worship. He spent two years in bathing in the holy Ganges. "But," said he, "The Ganges water washed the foulness from my skin, not the foulness from my soul, and still the old burden was there increased." He told us how he had gone thence, on foot, all the way to Rameshwaram, begging his food, all the two thousand miles, for he had given all his money to the temple; and thence again to Srirangam, and thence to other holy places. He told us how he had spent his whole life in these pilgrimages, and in penances, and in desert wanderings, apart from his kind, living on roots and nuts and jungle fruits, remaining for years at a time in the forest jungles, in the vain search for relief from the burden of sin.

"And now, Sirs," said he "my life is almost gone; my hair is thin and white; my eyes are dim; my teeth are gone; my cheeks are sunken; my body is wasted: I am an old, old man; and yet, Sirs, the burden of sin is just as heavy as when, a young man, I started in pursuit of deliverance. O, Sirs, does your Veda tell how I can get rid of this burden of sin and be at peace? Our Vedas have not shown me how."

How gladly did we tell him of our gracious "Burden-bearer" and of His loving call, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." How eagerly did he listen, as we told him of Jesus Christ, the God-man, the Saviour of the world, and told him what he had done for our salvation. How gladly did he pore over the Gospels we gave him, and what earnest questions did he ask, during the day, as to points in their teachings which he did not quite understand. During that night he left and went upon his way, taking the Gospels with him, and we never again saw him.

Though so many years have intervened, his earnest reverent countenance remains photographed on my memory, and I shall look for him up there among the redeemed, for I believe he was in earnest in seeking deliverance from the burden of sin, in vain, indeed, as he said,

through Hinduism; I trust not in vain through the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Yes, the great religions all agree in the main as to man's having fallen into the pit of sin. But all, except Christianity, leave man in the pit, in vain struggling to *help himself out*.

Christianity alone pictures the Lord of Life, clothed in human form, coming by and looking down into that pit with eyes of compassion, and bending over and reaching a hand far down for each repentant sinner to clasp and be drawn out, that his feet may be fixed on heavenly ground.

Nay more, it is not sufficient that there should be simply an almighty being coming to the rescue. But, to reach our needs, it must be one endowed with our natures; suffering with us. It must be one "who can have compassion on the ignorant and on them that are out of the way for that He himself also (in the days of His flesh) was compassed with infirmity."

And such is this our Jesus, for "being made perfect He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him."

Yes, the magnetic love of Jesus Christ does make an impact on that soul that cries to Him. That impact imparts power to spring out of Satan's thralldom into God's liberty. It makes us sons of God. It seals us for the Kingdom of Heaven.

Comrades, in this truth lies our power; not in the fierce denunciation of the errors of those systems which we are seeking to supplant, but, acknowledging whatever of truth they do contain, and using it as a help, our power lies in presenting in the most vivid light this higher truth, higher than they ever conceived of, even in their most rapturous dreams, Jesus the divine, the sympathizing, the all sufficient help giver, and burden bearer come to our aid.

Yes in this truth lies our power, our power for work in the home land, our power for work at the ends of the earth. How it challenges us to obedience, how it energizes us for the conflict in the carrying out of that Saviour's ascending behest, "*Go. Evangelize all the nations.*"

The key is furnished us; the incentive, the constraining love of Christ, is limitless, the leverage is adequate. Come on, Immanuel's followers! Let us lift the world *for* Christ, *through* Christ, *to* Christ.



